

Monthly Agricultural Number

The Mountain Advocate.

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BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1919

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

CIVIC LEAGUE

Warning Up In Fly Campaign

The Civic League would have the life, death and funeral of the fly expressed somewhat thus, "fly, die, bye." Brief in fact. To that end, citizens are asked to aid in putting the pestiferous, unclean, murderous and altogether undesirable little nuisance out of existence by placing fly traps at the back door of the house, keeping the garbage pail covered, the manure pile distributed and such other measures as may suggest themselves as a means of sending the fly to flyland before he can kill babies or scatter disease germs among us.

Jake Donzer, the baker, states that he has seen a town kept clear of flies by such measures, the editor of the Advocate has done the same and there are doubtless others who have seen an energetic fly campaign followed by an almost complete absence of flies.

The making of a fly trap is simple and those who wish to see the one made by Mrs. Grace K. Rawlings at a cost of 37 cents may do so by calling at the Advocate office.

Feed your dead flies to the chickens and make them useful in the only known way they can be useful to man.

IOWA PARK COMING OIL FIELD OF NORTH TEXAS

Experienced oil men and geologists agree that the Iowa Park field, ten miles west of Wichita Falls, Texas, and about the same distance south of Burkburnett, gives indications of bearing the same or better deep oil sand as that of the famous Burkburnett field. In fact it is now thought that the Fowler sands of the Burkburnett field extend to and beyond Iowa Park. There has been a profitable shallow production from the Iowa Park field for the past eight years and that production is still holding up as strong as when first brought in. There are three known shallow sands there. At 290 feet the sand produces about five barrels; at 500 feet it is good for from 15 to 30 barrels, and at 770 feet there is another sand producing from 50 barrels to 100 barrels. The oil is of high gravity, selling to the pipe lines at \$2.60 a barrel.

Since the discovery of the Fowler sand in the Burkburnett field the pipe lines are coming into the Wichita Falls district and are taking runs from all the shallow fields as well as from the deep wells of the Burkburnett field, so that operations in all these fields have been greatly stimulated, and much deeper drilling is now being done that will probably bring in another gusher field in due time that will rival the great Burkburnett field, and Iowa Park is just now much in the lime light in expectation of the deep pay being reached here.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

To the Republican Electors of Knox County:—Pursuant to a call of the Republican State Central Committee of Kentucky there will be held at the Court House in Barbourville, Ky., at 1 o'clock Standard time on Saturday, May 10th, 1919, a County Mass Convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Convention to be held in the city of Lexington, State of Kentucky, at 2 P. M. Standard time, on the 14th day of May 1919, and to take such other action as may appear to be right and proper by the Republicans of Knox Co. in said Convention.

The Republican electors of Knox County, and all other electors in the said County, without regard to past political affiliations, who believe in the principals of the Republican Party, and endorse its policies, are cordially invited to unite under this call and to attend the said mass convention on May 10th as aforesaid. Knox County is entitled to select and send to the said State Convention, thirty-two delegates.

Given under our hand this 30th day of April, 1919.

J. H. Catron, Chairman.

V. C. McDonald, Secretary.

TUESDAY CLUB

On Tuesday afternoon, April 22nd Mrs. Guy Dickinson entertained the Tuesday Club. After roll call important business was discussed. As the Club year is drawing to a close plans for the coming year's work were made.

Mrs. Hiram Owens, the Corresponding Secretary, reported a letter had been sent to the Federation of Womens Clubs asking them to use the amount given by the Tuesday Club as it seems best. The money was set aside by the Club when receiving from refreshments during the term of war, a certain sum being given by each hostess. The Club volunteered to do this and to donate the sum to the Ambulance Fund to help purchase an ambulance to be sent to France and used for the sick wounded soldiers. As the ambulance will not now be purchased, the Federation is asked not to return the Tuesday Club's donation but to keep it for other uses. This was only one of the many patriotic acts of the Club. The members readily answered to each call of the Red Cross and are now making Twenty eight garments for the refugees, before May the tenth.

Mrs. Miller was leader for the afternoon. Mrs. Burman gave a sketch, "World-wide Transportation and Communication," telling of all the various routes and means of intercourse and giving a most helpful and interesting talk.

Mrs. Hugh Oldfield spoke concerning "Redecorating the U. S. Capitol," describing the neglected condition of the mural decorations and other works of art especially the uncompleted Brumidi frieze in the rotunda of the Capitol.

The following piano solos were greatly enjoyed:—

(a) Love's Awakening—Muszkowski. (b) Impromptu—Reinhold. (c) Venetian Love Song—Nevin, by Mrs. Wm. C. Black. (d) Canzonetta Del Salvatore Rosa, Franz Liszt. (h) Spring Song—Mendelssohn, by Mrs. Walter Hudson.

One of the latest members, Mrs. Wm. C. Black, gave a great deal of pleasure with her musical selections showing her wonderful talent and ability.

Mrs. Wm. Archer was a guest for the literary and social parts of the meeting.

Mrs. Sawyer Smith assisted the hostess in serving food refreshments and candies.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Fred Burman on College Street, May 6th.

APPROACHING NUPTIALS

The marriage of Rev. S. P. Franklin, of Union College, and Miss Laura Wilcox, teacher of music in the same institution, will be consummated at the Methodist Church at 10 u. m. May 29th. Mr. Franklin will graduate with the A. B. degree this year. Miss Wilcox, who is an A. B. graduate of Cornell College, Iowa, is the daughter of Rev. C. M. Wilcox, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, and was formerly a missionary to China where Miss Wilcox was born. She is a young lady of great charm and musical ability. Mr. Franklin is the son of Mr. Benjamin Franklin, of Alton Station, Ky., and is a brother of Dr. Franklin, president of Union College.

After the wedding, the young couple will engage in evangelistic work under the direction of Rev. E. T. Adams, D. D. and their field of labor will be in Indiana, Missouri, Virginia and North Carolina. Mr. Franklin preaching and singing and Miss Wilcox having charge of the piano.

Later Mr. Franklin will enter Ohio Wesleyan, at Delaware, Ohio, where he will resume his studies and take his A. M. degree.

The many friends of these young people are invited to be present at the marriage ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Faulkner returned on No. 23 Thursday for their wedding trip to St. Louis. Their friends gave them a noisy welcome a la chivalri to compensate for the manner in which they escaped the rice and old shoes on their wedding day.

MARCH AND APRIL REPORT OF HOME DEMONSTRATION WORK

By Mrs. D. K. Rawlings
1078 Girls attended the demonstrations.
48 Demonstrations have been given.
976 miles have been traveled.
758 Bulletins have been mailed.
400 Bulletins have been distributed in person.

66 Letters have been written.
13 Visits have been made to homes.
30 Consultations have been held.
110 Towels have been made.
75 Home demonstration caps made.
50 Sample buttonholes made.
50 Sample patches made.

15 Home demonstration aprons.
The demonstrations in cooking have been how to make egg dishes, soups, vegetable chowders, pie crust, filling for pie, cake, whole wheat gems, soda biscuit, baked apples, named sauce, mayonnaise, tea and coffee, salad, the homemade fireless cooker, and roast cooked in same, and the fly trap with instructions in how to get rid of flies, sterilizing jars and canning of rhubarb.

Premiums have been awarded the Corbin Home Demonstration Club girls for neatest made Club Apron, cap, towel, buttonhole and patch. The premiums were two solid silver thumbtacks, pair of scissors, work bag of silk ribbon and handmade collar, offered by ladies of the Corbin Womens Club and the Club.

Similar premiums have been offered the girls of the Barbourville Home Demonstration Club by the Womens Study Club.

The ladies of the Civic League, Study Club and Tuesday Club of Barbourville have furnished the kitchen at the Graded School with a stovewood table and gave a nice shower of kitchen utensils for which they have my unbounded thanks.

The demonstrations have ceased at the Corbin Graded School, owing to the rush of Commencement exercises and the neglected Chapel hour and we are now ready for the hand-romed oil stove lent us by Mrs. Right-house to be returned to her with the thanks of myself and the entire Club.

The London Graded School Club have bought their own stove and have done excellent work in their sewing and cooking and their demonstrations will continue this summer. 15 girls have taken garden seed to have gardens of their own.

The young ladies of the Normal department of the S. B. M. S. London, have done excellent work and will be able to see the result of their work in the schools this fall.

WOMANS STUDY CLUB

The Womens Study Club held its regular fortnightly meeting with Mrs. Richardson, on Tuesday, Apr. 29th.

There were fifteen members present who responded to roll call with current events. The guests for the afternoon were Miss Maymo Heidrick and Mrs. Matson, of Brookville, Pa., Mrs. Evans and Mrs. W. S. Hudson of this city.

An invitation from the Womens Study Club of Corbin was read urging the attendance of each club woman at the District Federation meeting which is to be held in that city May 18th. Delegates were appointed to attend this convention as well as the State Federation of Womens Clubs in Ashland, Ky., June 23-4.

The President named a committee to prepare the year book. Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. T. D. Tinsley, Mrs. C. P. Kennedy and Mrs. C. F. Itathfon.

Mrs. James Golden, Mrs. Raleigh Jarvis and Mrs. Marcum are the representatives from this club to assist the Civic League in the fly campaign. Therocoo ololoi ololoi lead pulgn. Their duties are to visit the stores and urge them to put out fly traps and point out the care that should be exercised in keeping all foods protected from the flies.

The following program was then presented:—United States Inquiry into Bolshevism, Mrs. W. R. Lay. Discussion, Solo, "Because,"—Guy D'Hardelet, Roses of Picardy, —by Mrs. Rathfon.

After adjournment delicious ice cream, cake and mints were served by the hostess.

THE PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

The Parent Teachers Association will hold its final meeting for the year, on Friday afternoon, May 9th, at 2:30 o'clock. This meeting is especially important as election of officers will be held, so all members should make it a duty to be present.

HIMYAR NEWS

Rev. W. P. Shusher, wholesale merchant of Pineville, accompanied by his wife, visited Mr. Swanson on Sunday.

A crowd of boys and girls spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. Scalf and report a fine time.

Mr. James Warren, who lives at DeWitt, visited his father at this place Sunday.

Allen Warren, of DeWitt, visited Wm. Bingham Sunday and also looked over his farm here. He expects a big crop of fruit if the frost did not kill it all.

Mrs. Connie Scalf, of Harlan, is moving to Himyar and will make her home here.

Uncle Jim Moore suffered with a tooth ache last week until John Me Messer used a pair of tooth forceps relieving him of the pain and a large sized tooth.

Mr. Jim Gambrel visited friends Sunday.

Bertie Warf has gone to Corbin to be with her brother who lives at that place.

Dr. Wm. Bingham visited his friend Dr. J. S. Scalf Sunday.

Dr. Wm. Bingham made a business trip to White Star, Grays and Brush Creek last week.

Cole-Pettit

The wedding of Mr. Claude M. Cole, of this city, and Miss Ada May Pettit, of Canton, Ohio, was solemnized at the home of the bride Wednesday, April 30th.

The bride is a charming young lady who, as the room-mate of Miss Pauline Sampson at Wheaton College, was her guest in Barbourville, July, 1918, during which time she made many friends here.

Her father, Consul General Pettit, died at his post of duty in Germany. He was an appointee to this onerous position by President McKinley.

The groom is a native son and besides holding the position of County engineer is a civil and mining engineer. He is now engaged in the important task of putting thru the asphalted National Highway. He is very popular with the whole citizenship and has an excellent future before him professionally.

Their many friends will wish them every happiness on their journey thru life.

E. R. Roach has sold his grocery business on Main St. to A. M. Decker, Sr. and Jr. and Sawyer Decker who will continue the business under the firm name of Decker & Co.

MICKIE SAYS



ARTEMUS NEWS

Henry Jordan and wife of Barbourville were the guests of John Mills Sunday.

John Williamson, of Mill Branch, was here Sunday.

Sherman Smith went to Middleshoro Monday.

Oatie Mills, of Scalf, made a visit to her brother, John Mills, Thursday.

Columbus Mill and wife are leaving here Friday for Mill Creek to see home folks.

Dan Shady Bate is moving back to his old home place across the river today.

The pastor of the Baptist church at Grays was here Saturday and Sunday and we had a nice meeting.

McKinney Jackson left for Indiana to spend a few days with his father who is very ill.

T. G. Hammors made a trip to Himyar Wednesday on business.

Mrs. Cella Scalf has been very ill for the past few days.

Claude Hammors, the son of T. G. Hammors, who has been discharged from the army and has been enlisted for one year longer, will leave here Wednesday for Columbus, S. C., and will go from there to the coast.

Miss Minnie Dar left here Tuesday evening to spend a few days with her uncle in Harlan.

Mrs. Dar has returned from Harlan after spending two weeks with her brother.

Floyd Brown and Martha Gray were married here Saturday.

John Mills and Columbus Mills made a trip to Middleshoro Monday.

Otto Messer made a trip to Barbourville Tuesday.

T. G. Hammors went to Barbourville Monday shopping.

M. D. Hubbard needed a letter from his brother Dan who has just arrived from France and has been discharged. He will be in shortly and seems well pleased over his good luck.

W. W. Tinsley, Referee in Bankruptcy, and N. R. Patterson, Trustee, are in Pittsburgh, Pa., seeing out certain features of the East-Joliet Coal Co. bankruptcy proceedings against certain stockholders in that state.

SWAN LAKE

Farmers are busy planting corn this week.

Hugh Parlin, who is attending Union College, visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Eljah and Jim McNeil enjoyed a pleasant day at Dishman Springs on Sunday.

Miss Grace Parlin entertained a large crowd of boys and girls last Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sanders, April 23rd, a boy, Herman.

Miss Bertha Parlin visited her grandfather, John Elliott, at King, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Warfield, Mrs. Mary Linda Elliott and Mrs. Mary Parlin were the guests of Mrs. Sarah McNeil Sunday evening.

A. C. Vaughn, of Barbourville, made a trip to this place Wednesday on business.

Misses Iva Jackson and Mary McNeil were the guests of Mrs. Mary Linda Elliott Thursday evening.

Mrs. Susan Faulkner has returned home after spending some time with her son, W. Faulkner, of Barbourville.

Mrs. Maggie Terrell was shopping in Barbourville Saturday.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Ellen Stewart, wife of W. M. Stewart, of Flat Lick, died at her home from a stroke of paralysis last Monday and was buried Tuesday at the home place. Mrs. Stewart was the daughter of Mr. Jesse Keelo, a large and prominent family. She leaves besides her husband and daughter, Mrs. Elan Todd, and two sons, Derouda and James, all of Flat Lick.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for the help and sympathy extended us during the illness and at the time of the death of our husband and father, Mr. J. N. Hayes, and also for the many beautiful flowers.

Mrs. J. N. Hayes and daughters.

WORK OF SIXTH COMMENDED

General Pershing Praises Doughboys

Commendation of the work of the Sixth Division in the Argonne by General Pershing is contained in a communication recently received by General Gordon.

In the communication General Pershing shows that he is fully aware of the hardships that confronted the Sixth in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. It is on record at his headquarters, he says, that the men of the Sixth, handicapped by a serious shortage of animals, pulled their own machine gun carts through almost impassable roads and that the infantry made long marches, carrying on its back, or doing without, supplies, for which transportation should normally be available.

In No. 232, mention was made of the front line units in the offensive and praise was given them for their work. The communication sent by General Pershing to General Gordon was an express means of conveying to the men of the Sixth Division, who were not in the front line, the appreciation of the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. of the good work done by this division as a reserve unit.

"Altogether," says General Pershing, "the performance of the Sixth Division during the first eleven days of November, 1918, stands out as one of the finest examples of the fortitude and soldierly spirit displayed by the American soldier during the war."

"It is not unjust to say that the duties of the Sixth Division during this period required more discipline and soldierly determination than many engagements with the enemy."—William Trent.

On Sunday evening, May 4th, at 7:45, a "Father and Son" meeting will be held in the Christian Church auditorium. The service is under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers Association, and the public is urged to attend. There will be no evening services in the other churches. The following program will be rendered, Prof. Oldfield presiding:—

Song, Boy's Quartet, "The Boy Scouts of America."

Dr. Logan.
"The Nation's Boy Problem,"
Jas. S. Golden.

Song, Men's Quartet, "The Father's Share in the Education of His Son." Rev. Haas.
America, Congregation.

NOT DUE TO SEX ALONE

Barbourville Women Have Learned The Cause of Many Mysterious Pains and Aches

Many women have come to know that sex isn't the reason for all back-aches, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Men have these troubles too, and often they come from kidney weakness. To live simply, eat sparingly, take better care of one's self and to use Doan's Kidney Pills, is bound to help bad kidneys get better. There is no other remedy so well recommended by Barbourville people. Read this case:

Mrs. J. T. Beddow, N. Main St., Barbourville, says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills from experience. My kidneys were weak and I suffered from nervous, dizzy headaches. I was run down and languid and the least work tired me out. The action of my kidneys was irregular, too. I bought Doan's Kidney Pills from the Costello Drug Co., and used them as directed. They helped me in every way, strengthening my kidneys and relieving the dizzy spells and headaches."

Price 60c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Beddow had. Foster-McBurn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES

Extension Horticulturist, Lexington, Kentucky.

By N. R. Elliot.

I suppose no one branch of horticulture has been so much discussed as the pruning question. Men have disagreed from the first concerning the best methods to pursue in pruning trees, and they still disagree. However, there are certain definite underlying principles that have become so well established that they are now considered fundamental. We prune so that the trees may develop in such a way as to be able to bear good crops of fruit without breaking, to admit air and sunshine, and to facilitate picking, spraying and thinning. With these objects in view, let us consider the different ways of pruning trees.

The Apple Tree.

The commercial orchardist will, barbourville gal. 7. as a rule, buy one-year-old apple trees. These trees are for the most part, mere whips with small lateral branches. In case a one year old tree is not selected, two years old should be the maximum age. About the only difference is that we find that the two year old has larger lateral branches and the buds on the trunk of the tree are less liable to grow.

For the man who expects to take care of his trees, the one year-old tree is the best to buy, because this tree can be so trained that any type of head can be used that the grower may desire. Then, there is less shock to a one year old tree in transplanting, owing to the fact that the root system is not so well developed.

In pruning the young apple tree one must select an ideal and for this ideal we believe the modified leader is the best. This type is one in which the main branches are allowed to grow out from the trunk and the trunk is allowed to remain, thus having a center part of the tree. As to the arrangements of the main branches, three to five laterals are sufficient for the apple. These should be well distributed around the trunk and as far apart as is possible to get them, in order to avoid bad crotches. One should always remember that the height of the lateral branches will practically remain the same on the trunk of the tree, and that if the branches are six inches apart at the beginning, when the tree is older the centers will not be any further apart; but, as a matter of fact, the limbs will be closer together inasmuch as they have increased in diameter. Since that is the case we readily see that another advantage of having the one year old trees is because these laterals can be placed to the best advantage since the buds on the trunk should still be in good condition.

Perhaps the first thing to be considered in all pruning work is that the person doing the work must be able to picture in their own mind how the tree is going to look when it is fifteen or twenty years old; now how the tree will look after a limb is cut out before it is cut out.

In pruning the young trees with these two ideas in mind, it should not be a difficult task to place a well formed head on young apple stocks. The young tree should be pruned every year and the time should be during the dormant season, that is, from the time the tree sheds its leaves in the fall until just before growth starts in the spring. We often hear "prune when the knife is sharp." That is better than not pruning at all, but the writer is inclined to believe that during the months of February and March is the best time to prune the trees in this state. Some people say that trees should not be pruned when they are frozen. It is very true that one should not climb around in the tree when the wood is frozen, but as a rule we have enough open weather during these months to prune the orchard without any damage due to frozen wood. By pruning at this time, the wounds are not exposed very long before growth starts—a thing that is very much to be desired—for as soon as growth starts, the wound should begin to heal.

As to the matter of June pruning, there has been much discussion pro and con, and no definite decision has been reached. Some argue that pruning in June stimulates the growth and development of fruit buds, but the writer is inclined to believe that for general practical pruning the dormant season is to be preferred.

Too much pruning may be just as disastrous as no pruning, and no one should be allowed to prune any fruit tree until they have familiarized themselves with the growth and development of the fruit buds. All of our fruits have two kinds of buds, either the leaf or the fruit. All growers are concerned primarily with the fruit buds, and unless they familiarize themselves with the location and the fruit bearing habits of the different varieties, it would be practically impossible to prune to the best advantage. If pruning is given one

year, and then a period of four or five years elapses before the trees are pruned again, we will find after the second pruning an enormous growth of water sprouts.

Now a water sprout is nothing more than a one year old limb that represents a disturbed condition in the tree, showing that so much of the leaf surface has been removed without any disturbance to the root surface, and the tree is simply making an effort to re-establish the equilibrium between the top and the roots.

The second year pruning the lateral branches should be cut back to lengths of 10 to 20 inches, always cutting these to a lateral twig or bud; then the third season you will find these laterals growing and developing without any great length between the bearing wood and the trunk—something to be avoided. In pruning the older trees that have been neglected for some time, one is often confronted with this condition, a long bare limb with a small amount of producing wood on the end—a condition that is always to be discouraged, and can only be prevented by regular, systematic pruning. In case one has old trees in this condition, perhaps the best thing to do is to remove 25 to 40 per cent of the wood the first time the trees are pruned, thereby reducing the development of branches lower down on these main limbs. Of course all of the dead wood should be removed, and in case of canker or disease, this should be cut out, getting back to new wood. It is better to take two or three or four years to remodel neglected trees than it is to attempt to do it all in one season, since it merely encourages an excessive growth of water sprouts.

HIGHER LIVE STOCK STANDARDS TO MEET RISING FARM VALUES.

To the live stock raisers of America:

Each year sees a greater advance in American farm values. And as land becomes worth more its producing power must increase if farmers and live stock growers are to make adequate profits.

Improved breed and better animal husbandry offers the soundest solution of the problem. Corn costs the same whether it is fed to a high grade meat animal or a scrub. But what a contrast in return when corn is converted into beef, and the finished animals are marketed.

Yet, more than profit is to be considered. In the last year temporary high prices have made severe inroads into breeding stock. At the same time the greatest war in history has devastated European herds to the number of 114 million head. The world faces a perilous meat shortage!

More live stock and better live stock are imperative. As the American farmer's largest customer we have an equal concern in this with you, the producer. Hence we have issued the Breeder's Chart, showing the types of animals that will produce maximum weight and greatest food value in the shortest time—standards that will bring you the best returns in the market because their quality is the highest.

In recommending these types, we likewise desire to again emphasize that through a score of Armour packing plants, the hundreds of branch distributing houses and the thousands of Armour refrigerator cars, Armour and Company will continue to maintain for you a market as constant as it is broad. Our prosperity rests on the prosperity you achieve through Armour service.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) J. Ogden Armour.

THE TREE.

(By Joyce Kilmer, who gave his life in France.)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest,
Against the earth's sweet flowering breast.

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
A tree that may in summer wear,
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

HONEY HAS MANY USES.

George Ade, the writer and humorist, once said, "Good roads costs money, but show me a community which has invested in hard roads such as can be used at all times of the year, and which would now be willing to go back to the mud-holes for a cash consideration."

Our philosopher says: The boy with out education gets a job. The boy with an education gets a position. Which'll your kid get?

Our philosopher says: Handle your farm so's when you've got to leave it behind you, nobody'll say anything hard about you.

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

(Extension Division)

Washington was busy man.

Washington was always busy. Even as a farmer at Mt. Vernon, he was always on the job, rain or shine. That his rainy days were spent in perfecting his farm tools can be learned from some short extracts from his diary in March 1760. He wrote: "Fitted a two eyed plow instead of a Duck Bill plow." Evidently this new plow was not a complete success because a few days later he again wrote: "Spent the greater part of the day in making a new plow of my own invention."

If the father of our country had lived in the 20th century, he would have been one of our most successful farmers and would most certainly have used much modern farm machinery.

Let us forget, Test.

The seed corn situation of last year forced many farmers to test their seed. That it paid is plainly shown by the fact that the farmers of Western Kentucky sold \$241,426.50 worth of seed corn to farmers in other portions of the State. In other words, the majority of the farmers by testing knew whether their corn was fit to plant or not.

If it paid so well last year, it will always pay a reasonable profit. Every farmer should test all the seed he expects to plant again this season. It is merely the saving of time and labor by the use of brins. Brins properly used always pay big dividends both in money, time and satisfaction.

Make a "grass" bed

For the past two years gardens have been given a great deal of attention. Now that everybody in town and in the country has learned the very great value and pleasure a garden can give, gardens are sure to continue in full bloom. And right now is when the garden spirit gets a firm hold on people.

Extra early spring vegetables on the farm are a very great luxury. Asparagus is no old standby and is ready for the table before most of the other vegetables have gotten a good start. The farmer who has failed to set out an asparagus bed should do it this spring. He can get full directions by sending to the College of Agriculture at Lexington for circular No. 68, "Asparagus."

Down in Fulton county, Mr. Marlon Browder believes in passing every good thing along to his neighbors. Years ago he became interested in alfalfa and developed a field by the use of lime, phosphate and inoculation. Every farmer who passes that field must know exactly what Mr. Browder did for he has erected a big sign which reads: Lime, phosphate, conservation of moisture and inoculation got this alfalfa. Think it over.

So that the bootleggers and the blind tigers may be eliminated do what you can for the state prohibition amendment—Then Uncle Sam's long arm will be behind law enforcement.

Those who read the Bailey Switch items two weeks ago doubtless noted the statement that on account of the dangerous condition of the road the people of that section will probably do their spring shopping in Corbin. This makes bad reading breathren of the stores and a like condition in other directions, such as the Woodbine road is not conducive to trade getting. In unity there is strength and action.



Paint-Without Mystery

Buy paint that you know is good—paint that there's no mystery about. On the back of every can of Hanna's Green Seal Paint you'll find the exact formula of its contents. Thus you take nothing for granted in buying Green Seal. It tells you just what goes to make up its ingredients.

Hanna's Green Seal

is the good-wearing, good-looking paint that expert painters prefer. Try it.

Sold by

Cole, Hughes & Co. Barbourville, Ky.

It Helps!

There can be no doubt as to the merit of Cardui, the woman's tonic, in the treatment of many troubles peculiar to women. The thousands of women who have been helped by Cardui in the past 40 years, is conclusive proof that it is a good medicine for women who suffer. It should help you, too.

Take

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. N. E. Varner, of Hixson, Tenn., writes: "I was passing through the ... My back aches were terrible, and my suffering indescribable. I can't tell just how and where I hurt, about all over, I think ... I began Cardui, and my pains grew less and less, until I was cured. I am remarkably strong for a woman 64 years of age. I do all my housework." Try Cardui, today. E-76

GIRDLER NEWS

Wyman Wyrick visited home folks at Corbin Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Jones entertained quite a number for dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carty, Mr. and Mrs. James Carty and family, Mrs. Sallie Hammons, Mrs. Nannie Epperson, and Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Burnett. All report a good time.

The people of Locust Grove met Sunday afternoon and organized a Sabbath School. Mrs. Elijah Hollis being a great sabbath school worker was elected Superintendent and very great success is hoped for.

Rev. W. N. Epperson filed his appointment at Calvary Saturday and Sunday.

Little Miss Nettie Hammons and Ester Hibbard visited the home of Willie Hammons Saturday and Sunday.

Sibley Stacey and wife visited the home of Willie Pardon, of Calhoun Creek, Saturday and Sunday.

Amanda Hammons wife of Mance Hammons, is reported very sick.

Claude Campbell visited his sick father at Middle Fork Sunday p. m.

Miss Nannie and Mamie Hammons attended church at Highland Park Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Polly Marion and Miss Lillie visited the Epperson home Saturday.

Mrs. Lucy Jackson, of Long Branch, visited Mrs. Laura Allen on Thursday.

LAWYERS ATTENTION

We have some fine blue legal covers sensible size, at a cont a sheet.

The Advocate.

Somerset School of Business

Enroll Now For the Summer Term

Accounting, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Civil Service, Penmanship, Correspondence and kindred subjects.

LATEST IMPROVED METHODS. UP-TO-DATE COURSES.

PREPARE TO-DAY FOR BATTLES OF LIFE

Somerset School of Business, Somerset, Ky.

American Surety Company of New York

Capital \$5,000,000

V. C. McDONALD,

Barbourville, Ky.

\$50 REWARD

BOY LOST

A small boy about the size of man, barefooted, with his father's shoes on. He had an empty bag on his back containing two railroad tunnels and a bundle of bung-holes. He was cross-eyed at the back of his neck, and his hair was cut curly. He wore a light, park looking coat with a looking-glass in the pocket. He was sweeping the sun off the roof of the post office with the invention of raising money to at end the opening of

THE MODEL BAKERY

Barbourville Ky.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.

JAKE DENZER, Manager.

Do You Live in the Mountains?

Mountain Summer School

With Chautauqua Features

BEREA COLLEGE, BEREA, KENTUCKY

June 6 to July 11 and July 11 to August 15

Pleasure and profit for aspiring teachers, business men, farmers, discharged soldiers, house-keepers, Christian workers. "Something good for every corner!"

Daily discussions of things important for the mountains, meeting mountain leaders from eight states.

Berea Faculty includes many of the greatest educators and speakers of the south, and summer brings in other noted men, moving pictures, entertainments, music.

Berea is religious, non-sectarian, "works with all followers of Christ." Tobacco prohibited

Best location, climate and equipment.

The prices are made right for young folks just getting a start—cheaper than staying at home."

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(Adv.) 26-5t

Berea, Kentucky.

THE ADVOCATE

FRED BURMAN
EDITOR

JENNIE McDERMID BURMAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE RE-
PUBLICAN PARTY IN
KNOX COUNTY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Strictly in advance)
One Year \$1.50
Six Months \$0.75

Any items intended for publication
should reach this office not later
than Wednesday or we will be forced
to carry it over for the coming week.

POINTS IN FAVOR OF THE 20c ROAD TAX.

(Contributed)

1st. It is very apparent that the
counties need more money for roads
because the cost of everything enter-
ing into the construction has in-
creased considerably over those in nor-
mal times.

2nd. It is a safer way to raise
money than by voting a bond issue.

3rd. The people are able to pay
for more taxes for roads because
they are in better condition finan-
cially. They can more easily pay twenty
cents today than they could have paid
2c ten years ago.

4th. The increase in the kind and
volume of traffic has made it neces-
sary to expend more money on roads
than formerly.

5th. 20c on the \$100.00, or \$2.00
on the \$1000.00 would not mean
more than 5 or 10 cents on the acre
of land in an average country.

7th. Kentucky is behind in road
work simply because the various
counties have not sufficient money
to build roads. In practically every
state in the Union the people are
either voting bond issues or an extra
tax for roads.

8th. It should be remembered
that with bad roads we pay the heav-
iest road tax possible because of the
increased cost in hauling, the depre-
ciation of all kind of vehicles, farm
animals, etc.

9th. Seventeen counties have al-
ready voted the tax and the people
in these counties are absolutely sat-
isfied they have done the proper
thing.

10th. When the court authorizes
an election, they do not impose a tax
upon anybody, but simply give the
people the right to express their op-
inion.

11th. The citizens of any county
do not want it said that their county
is too poor to build roads.

12th. You cannot expect the Fis-
cal court to build roads with no funds.

13th. Any man should have en-
ough pride in his county to want
good roads.

14th. If roads are good things,
why not build them immediately in-
stead of waiting and suffering in-
conveniences for years to come because
it should be remembered that we are
not saving any money by acting in
such a manner.

15th. You cannot keep boys on
a farm located on a bad road.

16th. Counties should immedi-
ately start road work to give employ-
ment to our returning soldiers.

17th. A tax for road purposes is
not a tax but a good investment.

For a Sprained Ankle.

As soon as possible after the in-
jury is received get a bottle of
Chamberlain's Liniment and follow
the plain printed directions which
accompany the bottle.

This Means You, Mr. Merchant!

DID you know that
you and this paper
have an interest in com-
mon? Your success helps
the community as a whole
which in turn is of benefit
to us.

When a merchant adver-
tises with us, he is invest-
ing his money, which is
returned with interest.

Show Your Goods in the Windows
and Advertise Them in This Paper

FOR STATE SENATOR

I am a candidate for the Republi-
can nomination for State Senator in
the 17th Senatorial District composed
of the counties of Knox, Laurel and
Bell, at the primary to be held in Au-
gust of this year.

Respectfully yours,
W. L. Moss.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

We Are Authorized to Announce
Richard C. Miller, candidate for
Representative of Knox County sub-
ject to the action of the Republican
Primary, August 2nd, 1919.

We Are Authorized to Announce
Esq. Sam M. Bennett candidate for
Representative of Knox County sub-
ject to the action of the Republican
Primary August 2nd, 1919.

We are authorized to announce
The candidacy of W. H. Green for
Representative of Knox County, sub-
ject to the action of the Republican
primaries, August 2nd, 1919.

DELIGHTFUL REMEDY FOR LAZY LIVER

Calotabs, the Perfected Nauseless
Calomel, Sets the Liver Right
Without the Slightest Nausea or
Danger.

Feel mean, look yellow? Your
liver is out of fix! The poisonous
bile is being retained in your system
You may say I know calomel will set
me straight, but I hate to take cal-
omel.

Why not try Calotabs, the purified
calomel that is as delightful to take
as it is beneficial in cleansing the liver,
and purifying the system? Cal-
otabs give you all of the valuable
medicinal qualities of calomel but are
entirely freed from the unpleasant
and dangerous effects. One tablet
at bedtime with a swallow of water
— that's all. No taste, no griping,
no nausea, no salts. You wake up
in the morning feeling fine, with a
clean liver and a hearty appetite.
Eat what you please, — no danger of
salivation.

Calotabs are sold only in original,
sealed packages, price thirty-five
cents. The finest medicine in the
world for biliousness, indigestion,
headache and constipation. So fine
that your druggist is authorized to
refund the price as a guarantee that
you will be thoroughly delighted
with Calotabs. (adv.)

There are all kinds
of cheap printing—
but none of it is real-
ly cheap—at least
not on a basis of
value. Cheap stuff
is usually worth al-
most what it costs.
Our printing isn't
the cheapest you
can get, but it's as
good as the best.

Don't Prod Your Liver to Action

MR. Overcomes Biliousness, Constipa-
tion, Sick Headache, Quickly. No
Griping or Pain. Guaranteed.

The organs of digestion, assimila-
tion and elimination—the stomach,
liver and bowels—are closely allied,
and the proper action of any of these
organs is largely dependent upon the
correct functioning of all the others.
"Whipping" your liver into action
with calomel or forcing your bowels
with irritating laxatives or strong
cathartics is a great mistake. A bet-
ter, safer plan is strengthening and
toning the whole digestive and elimi-
nating system with Nature's Remedy
(NR Tablets), which not only brings
immediate relief, but genuine and last-
ing benefit. It acts on the stomach,
liver, bowels and kidneys, improves
digestion and assimilation, overcomes
biliousness, corrects constipation and
quickly relieves sick headache.
Get your system thoroughly cleaned
and purified for once. Remove liver
and bowels working together in vi-
cious harmony, and you will not have
to take medicine every day—just take
one NR Tablet occasionally to keep
your system in good condition and al-
ways feel your best. Remember it is
easier and cheaper to keep well than
it is to get well.
Get a 50c box and try it with the
understanding that it will give you
greater relief and benefit than any
liver or liver medicine you ever used
or no pay. Nature's Remedy (NR)
Tablets is sold, guaranteed and
recommended by your druggist.

Costello Drug Co. Barbourville, Ky

Nature's Remedy
NR TABLETS
Better than Pills GET A
50c Box

Crude Oil Is Liquid Gold

Texas Oil Fields at Iowa Park—Near Wichita Falls, Are

Now a Sensation Known World Wide

Millions Have Been Invested and Millions Have Been Made—Oil is THE FOREMOST
INDUSTRY AND MAKING FORTUNES FOR ALL.

The Munger Ranch Oil Company Has Thirty Acres and Guarantees to Drill Two Wells

One deep well and one shallow. The shallow well is an offset to a well now producing oil.
The deep well is 200 yards from another deep well—which proves to you that our holdings are
PROVEN BEYOND ANY QUESTION

READ THE FACTS—OUR GUARANTEE SEE THE MEN INTERESTED
It Takes Two Things to Make a Good Oil Company and Be Successful—

OIL LAND AND HONEST MANAGEMENT

Block 30 of the Wichita Valley Lands is the Munger Ranch. It has long been known to
hundreds of people in and around Wichita Falls that there is oil on the Munger Ranch.
The Munger Well proves this. As shown by the map our shallow well will be drilled offset-
ting the Munger well. Thirty acres is sufficient to put, at the very least, thirty shallow wells
on. It is generally admitted that the Watkins well, within 2 miles of us, is producing 75
barrels of oil daily. This oil sells for \$2.50 per barrel. Thirty wells producing 75 barrels each
makes 2,250 barrels per day. If we allow the 50 cents per barrel for expenses and royalty,
the Munger Ranch Oil Company will have a net income of \$4,500 per day, or \$135,000 per
month. On our capitalization this will enable us to pay a monthly dividend at 225 per cent.
These figures are the lowest estimate, and everybody who knows will tell you we can't miss
the shallow oil.

We will also drill a deep well—1,850 feet if necessary. We are going to drill a deep well
because the trend of the deep oil seems to be through our land, and because geologists and
the best informed oil men think there is deep oil also on the Munger Ranch. The Kemp-
Munger-Allen Oil Co., which company is backed by some of the wealthiest and most success-
ful men in the Southwest, is drilling a deep well on their holdings, which are within 800
yards of our land. If we get this deep well, Munger Ranch will be a repetition of the
Fowler bonanza. Fowler \$100 certificates selling for \$15,000.

You can hardly lose because we are nearly certain of the shallow oil. This alone will
more than double your money every month. If we get the deep oil also, every \$100 stock-
holder will be wealthy. Now is your golden opportunity. It is your duty to grasp it.

-OUR LOCATION

450 feet Southeast of Munger
Flowing Well.

500 feet South of Park Pool
Well.

2,500 feet Northeast of
Kemp-Munger Allen Deep test.

1/2 mile West of Black
Diamond Well.

1 1/2 miles Northwest of
Quadruple Wells.

2 miles West of Watkins
Wells.

DRILLING

will be started as soon as sufficient stock is sold, and
will be pushed forward with all possible speed.

MEN BEHIND THE COMPANY

Mr. W. R. Ferguson, Trustee, is president of the
Wichita State Bank; Mr. W. W. Gardner, President,
is cashier of the Wichita State Bank; Mr. William J.
Goodwin, Vice-President, is president of the Texas
Leasing Company; Mr. A. W. Young, Secretary, is a
member of Fort Worth brokerage firm of Cambon &
Young; E. Christian, Director, is president of the
Sunshine Surety Oil Company; Lee P. Mamsfield,
Director, is a director of the Sunshine Surety Oil Co.

Mail Coupon Today or Wire Reservation at our Expense.

Munger Ranch Oil Company,
612 Seventh Street, Wichita Falls, Texas

Gentlemen:

I hereby subscribe for _____ shares
of stock in the Munger Ranch Oil Co. of
Wichita Falls, Texas, at \$10.00 per share. Fully
paid and non-assessable. I enclose \$_____
in full payment of stock. Stock certificates to
be sent as soon as possible.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO

Munger Ranch Oil Company

612 SEVENTH ST., WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

CAPITAL STOCK \$60,000

SHARES \$10, FULLY PAID

Non-Assessable, A Joint Stock Association Operating Under a Deed of Trust, Recorded in
in Wichita County Deed of Trust Records.

KING NEWS

Corn planting is considerably de-
layed by the recent rains in the Mack-
ey Bend community.

Any person who has lost a hound
dog with license tag No. 610, Bell
Co., can find out about same by writ-
ing Joe Mayes, King.

Mr. W. E. Warfield is down with
small pox and has a severe case.

Mr. John P. Hall has been dis-
charged from the army and is at
home.

J. B. and Campbell Adams, who
have been at work at the Lynch
Mines for some time have returned
home to make a crop.

Miss Fanny Pope and Fred Pope
were home Saturday and Sunday
from Barbourville where they attend
school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Vaughn and
family spent Sunday with Mr. and
Mrs. N. P. Adams.

Mesdames. Cora Evans, Bertha
Partin, Ella Elliott and Miss Lizzie
Haker spent Sunday evening with
Mrs. Dolly Maiden.

Messrs. Levi Evans, Garrett Partin,
Jock Bryant and William King
spent Sunday afternoon with Mr.
Evin Partin on Poplar Creek.

Mr. W. T. Pritchard and wife were
in Barbourville Tuesday spending
their money and enjoying the rain.

Rev. H. M. Pritchard filled his ap-
pointment at Stony Fork Sunday.

On the fourth Sunday in May there
is to be a baptizing at the old Ham-
bling Mill on Poplar Creek. A large
crowd is expected. Those to be bat-
tized are folks who united with the
church during a revival held on
Stony Fork last winter.

Sunday School at Logan Gap is
progressing nicely. We now have an
enrollment of 100 members.

Jack Logan, who has been very
sick for sometime, is improving.

Most people of this section have
been very busy lately trying to fin-
ish planting corn.

Mr. John Willie Parker who was
one of the many Knox County brave
sons who crossed the pond to defend
old glory, made his return home last
Sunday.

Mr. John Hall, who has been doing
volunteer service in the U. S. Navy
has returned home. We are glad to
see our old Knox County boys com-
ing back into the sticks again.

We hope that Jack Frost has paid
us his last visit for this spring and
that pork and will soon come again
to stay.

For Rent—Ten room house on Pine
Street, (Nicholson property) modern-
ly equipped, garden, suitable for two
families. Rent \$35.00 per month.
Clarence G. Sproul, Irvine, Ky. 24-4t

NOTICE

Having severed connection
with the K. D. Blue Gem Coal
Company, we hereby give notice
that we will not be responsible
for the debts thereof.

D. L. & Edmond Davies.

NOTICE

We hereby announce ourselves
as candidates for the office of
School Trustees and ask your
support at the election, at the
High School Saturday, May 3th,
from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

C. P. Kennedy
Leslie Logan

Beginning May Third

We will be here Friday & Saturday
all noon.

We will buy your Country Pro-
duce, Chickens, Eggs, Butter, Coun-
try Hams, Side Meat, Dried Fruit,
Feathers, — Geese, Duck, Turkey —
Beans, Sorghum, Tallow, Beeswax,
Rhubarb, Potatoes, Onions, at Mar-
ket Prices. We have nothing but
Cash to pay you. We are located
near Court House in old Sevier
Building, occupied by T. G. Moren,
Farm Implement Company.
Marion Fruit & Produce Co. 25-2t

PERFECT HEALTH

when using the oil-fish-liver
herbal compound used in early
Pioneer Health Herbs
Cleanses stomach, liver, kidneys,
purifies blood. Thousands praise it
simple and quick. 50 tablets for 50c.
Send, write for terms. R. C. C.
312 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.

Professional Cards

V. C. McDONALD
Attorney at Law

Office in Lawson Bld
Special attention to collection of
claims, large or small—abstract-
ing done promptly and correctly

J. E. FAULKNER
DENTIST

Office: Knox St., over store of T.
F. Faulkner & Co.
BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

J. M. ROBSON
LAWYER

Office over First National Bank
BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

A. L. PARKER
DENTIST

Office: second floor Parker Bldg.
Phones: Office 36, Res 96.
BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

F. R. BURTON
Physician and Surgeon

Office over Herndon's Dry Goods
Store
Office Phone 226 Residence 223
Barbourville

SOL T. STEELE
LAWYER

BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY
2nd Floor, L. C. Miller Building

For Exchange—I have town prop-
erty to exchange for farm property
Ben H. Gregory, Advocate Office.

FOR SALE—Golden Buff Orping-
ton eggs, thoroughbred, 13 for \$1.50.
Mrs. Wm. Burnside, Barbourville,
Ky.

FOR SALE—4 room house, 4
acres of land, Fighting Creek route,
1 1/2 miles from Barbourville. Good
agricultural land, good garden spot,
grape vineyard, 25 to 30 fruit trees.
Smoke house, well, hen house, shed
barn, coal house. Address W. M.
Parrott, Route, Barbourville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Good house, 3 rooms
porch, 150 acres mountain land at
Cannon Station, 25 acres level, 125
acres upland, practically all cultiva-
table. 50 acres of Jellico coal, 4 feet
thick, 100 acres of Blue Gem. See
J. R. Miller, Barbourville, Ky., for
further particulars.

Salesman Wanted—Lubricating
Oil, Grease, Specialties, Paint, Part
or whole time. Commission basis.
Man with car or rig preferred.
Riverside Refining Company, Cleve-
land, Ohio.

For Exchange—160 acres of Colorado
land anti-tubercular climate, will
grow corn, winter wheat, oats, beans,
etc. Work may be obtained at near-
by mines. Good markets at mines.
Fine stock country. Will take im-
proved land in exchange. Fred Bur-
man, Advocate office.

Wanted—Men or women to take or-
ders among friends and neighbors
for the genuine guaranteed hosiery,
full line for men, women and chil-
dren. Eliminates darning. We pay
\$10 an hour for spare time, or \$34 a
week for full time.
Experience unnecessary. Write,
International Stocking Mill, Norris-
town, Pa.

Army Tents

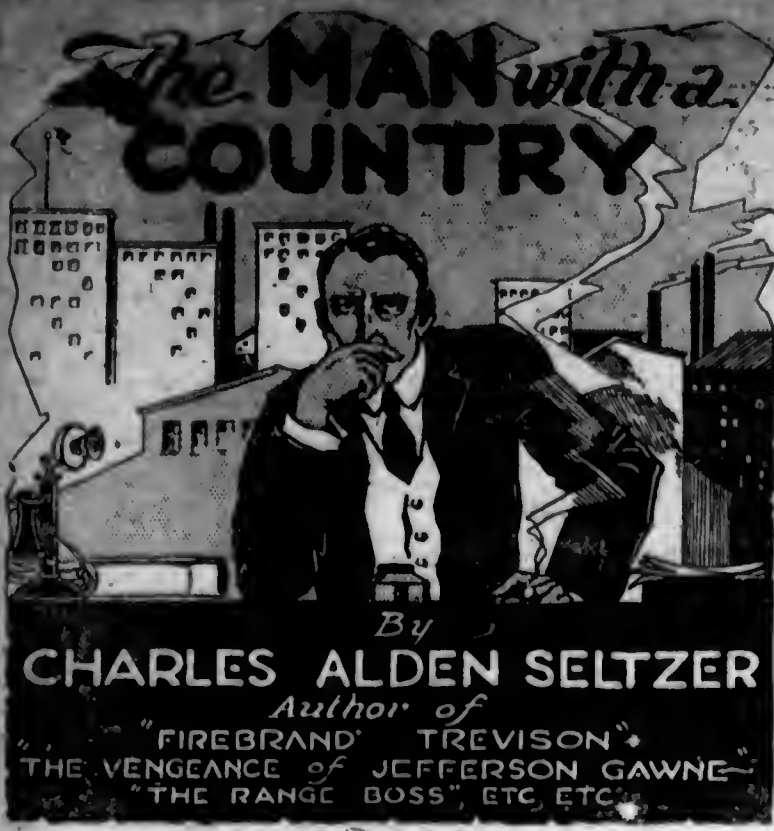
ARMY TENTS

We have just bought, at Govern-
ment Auction, a large number of army
tents, 16x16, like picture, 3 ft. roll-up
double door flaps. Will hold
any size, some are larger.

These tents are made of
canvas, U. S. Regulation specifications,
and cost the Government \$125.00 each.
Many of them have never been used.
Our price \$25.00 as long as they last.
Prompt buyers can have a
knap or white. Address quick.

Hazard Supply Co.

1002 W. MAIN ST.
LOUISVILLE, KY



By CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER
Author of "FIREBRAND TREVISON", "THE VENGEANCE OF JEFFERSON GAWNE", "THE RANGE BOSS", ETC., ETC.

(Continued from last week.)

that day was at hand, and he had a sense of being toward winning it. Ben looked in Corwin; there was a voice somewhere in his heart. He felt as a child feels who has not received an invitation to a party which all its friends will attend. He was an outsider—forgotten, unconsidered.

Corwin's face was grave and slightly pale when he walked away from the window and resumed his chair at the desk.

It was not long after Corwin dropped into the chair until the screech of a wheel floated into the office. The sound was loud, insistent, continuing. It seemed to shriek exultantly—seemed to bear a message—the message. It rose, clear and penetrating, rocking the air with its resonance. Then it was joined by others—hundreds, it seemed—of varying degrees of power and volume. Huge and deep, they came, and shrill and piping—trebles, basses, baritones—harsh, soft, trilling, blaring—a chorus, a bedlam of sound. At the first long, continuing blast, Molly King bounded out of her chair and ran to an open window. Her eyes flashing with delight, her cheeks flushed, her voice high-pitched and eager, she called to someone in the street. Corwin heard the reply:

"The Armistice has been signed!"
Falltown was already celebrating. A multitude of varying sounds arose and eddied through the office windows, assailing Corwin's ears. It seemed to him that every citizen of the town must be in the street in front of the office, and that each citizen was trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Molly was putting on her hat when Corwin again looked at her. Her eyes were very bright—they glowed with a light that made Corwin's widen with admiration.

"I can't work any more today, Mr. Corwin," she said. "I've simply got to go out and celebrate! I shall be back tomorrow morning—if I survive!"

Corwin sat alone in his office. He, too, was glad the war was over. But his gladness was tinged with bitterness. If he had been a hypocrite he would have joined the crowds on the streets. But not being a hypocrite he did not go. He sat there, his chin on his chest—thinking. And quite prominent in this thoughts was that theory of individualism which had bothered him for many days.

CHAPTER VII

It was pure perverseness on Corwin's part that made him antagonistic toward the fifth loan—the Victory Liberty Loan. To be consistent he must oppose it. He had not subscribed for the others—except to the extent of the thousand dollars Molly King had forced from him—and he did not intend to subscribe to the Victory Loan. To Molly, one morning in late April, he said, derisively:

"It's time for people to wake up and realize that the war is over. Do they think the country will stand for these loans forever? Don't those grafters ever get enough?"

"Graters?" Molly's voice was cold. Her gaze was scornfully defiant. "Mr. Corwin," she went on, evenly; "you don't mean to say that you think all of the money obtained from the bond issues has been stolen?"

Corwin's smile was almost a sneer. "Plenty of it has gone into the pockets of grafters," he replied.

"All public money is subject to that risk," Molly declared; "it is quite impossible to prevent some of the money going where it should not go. It is impossible to prevent much of it, for the nature of the public work—and particularly war work—makes it easy for certain unscrupulous men to take things that do not belong to them. In war work, especially, is there great opportunity for diverting funds. It is emergency work and there is no time to take even ordinary measures to safeguard the public funds. Men must be trusted and some of them violate their trust. That isn't the fault of the Government—it is the men themselves who are to blame. If they were Americans they would not do it."

"Well, I know some of it cannot be prevented," admitted Corwin. "But how about extravagance?"

"That can't be helped, either," declared the girl. "When a war comes the Government finds itself in need of



"You wouldn't want America to repudiate her debts?"

to move so fast, and be so ready for everything, that we had to buy things before we had the money. And this Victory Liberty Loan—I mean the amount of money we shall raise through it—was almost all spent before the armistice was signed. Business was loyal to the Government, and you would not want the Government to cheat the manufacturers out of their money, would you? You wouldn't want America to repudiate its debts?"

Corwin had thought of all those things, but he had not thought clearly, because of his prejudices. He knew, of course, that a war could not be prosecuted without war material, and he knew that in order to win the Government had to close contracts for

material in enormous quantities far enough in advance of its needs to make the future certain.

"And besides," Molly went on, "we are not absolutely certain the war is over. We can't bring all the boys back home right away—we shall have to keep some of them over there for a long time, to watch and wait until we are sure Germany is really sincere. And our boys over there must be fed and clothed. And there are thousands of odds and ends of expenses which must be met. We simply can't—we must not leave our job unfinished!"

Corwin looked at her with a reluctant smile.

"There is a great deal of logic in your presentation of the Government's case," he said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that the Government was extravagant. Look what the war is going to cost us."

"What would it have cost us if Germany had won?" asked Molly. "Instead of buying Liberty Bonds or Notes to store away in some safe place, meanwhile drawing interest on them, we would now be getting ready to pay billions of dollars of tribute money to Germany."

"So you think we ought to make this last Liberty Loan a success?" said Corwin.

"Ben is over there," declared the girl. "He went over at the height of the Government—which is all of us. He went for a definite purpose—to fight for his country, and to win. He was prepared to give his life for us. And," here Molly's voice quavered—"he may have done so by this time, for I have not heard from him for several months. Our boys have done their part; they have given their limbs, their sight, their lives. And we, back here, enjoying peace—are some of us—reluctant to back them up with our dollars. Money! Why, Mr. Corwin, how much per capita has this war really cost us, in direct outlay? Here are one hundred million people. That means that if each and every one of the hundred million advances the Government ten dollars the Government has one billion. Ten dollars! Multiply that by twenty. That would mean that if each of the hundred million gave the Government two hundred dollars, the total amount would be twenty billion. If you could buy liberty for two hundred dollars—if you could buy immunity from attack for that amount, would you hesitate? Many men pay that amount to their lawyers—and much more—to defend them in a lawsuit!"

"So you see, Mr. Corwin, though the amount of money expended seems to be enormous, it really isn't so much for each of us to bear. Why," she added, her eyes gleaming with a luminous moisture; "I would give a thousand times that sum, if I had it, to be sure that Ben would come back to me. I would give everything I possess to bring any girl's brother back!"

A thrill of sympathy ran over Corwin—it was perhaps the first unselfish emotion he had experienced since the day when Gary Miller, in his private office at the Merchant's Bank, had filled his mind with the poison of potential disloyalty.

But the emotion did not last; it was transient, surface—it went no deeper than his thoughts, after the first stirring surge. It did not reach the heart; it did not strike the solemn note of patriotism. Watching him closely, Molly saw his eyes grow cynical again; and she drew a deep, slow breath—for she had been hoping he would surrender, that he would come to realize that the Nation's trouble meant something more to him than the consideration of self; that he would be able to see with a broader vision, and that the real Corwin, hidden beneath the cynical mask he affected, would be revealed. For she could have loved the Corwin of her ideals.

"It all comes to a question of individualism," he said. "We are all willing to sacrifice, providing we gain something by doing so. The motive underlying all this fuss is the desire of every man engaged in it to express his personality in one way or another. The soldier, I believe, has less chance to be an individual than any other class concerned in the war. For he is a slave to discipline. He has to obey orders. He is drafted, or he volunteers. But once he enters the army he loses his individuality and becomes a part of the machinery of war. He is a pawn—a human sacrifice to the greed of other individuals. It is my opinion that, left to decide for themselves, very few men who are now in the army would have joined it. They would have preferred to stay out and let the other fellow do the fighting."

Molly's face had grown very white. "Mr. Corwin," she said slowly; "either you do not understand, or you are deliberately denying your Americanism. You ought to know better than to talk like that!"

She sat very straight and rigid, breathing fast.

"There is such a thing as a man fighting for his country unselfishly—because he loves it! Of course every one of those boys who went over there was reluctant to fight—with the exception of those who are so constituted that they fight for the love of fighting—but I believe that none of them has personal interest in mind. They are fighting for their country—for my country, and for yours, Mr. Corwin."

And Molly, her lips quivering, her eyes flaming with passion, looked at Corwin and began to pound the keys of her typewriter.

CHAPTER VIII

BY the time the campaign for the Victory Loan began, Corwin had become moody and taciturn. He was still the cynic, scoffing at generous impulses; outwardly he professed to



"I want to shake hands with the man who said that."

not absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the business relations between them. There were times when, watching her, Corwin wondered if he could ever regain her respect.

For he knew that he had lost that respect. He felt the hostile glances she sometimes threw at him when he was not looking at her; and sometimes when he did meet her gaze he saw her eyes flash with something that must have been very near contempt. But Corwin said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say.

Meanwhile, it appeared that Falltown was going to fail again. Despite the vigorous campaign carried on by the Liberty Loan Committee, subscriptions lagged. Most of the town's citizens seemed to think as Corwin had expressed himself—that since the war was over there seemed to be no need of any more Liberty Loans.

There was no enthusiasm, no clamor, no indication of success. Though the bond salesmen labored hard, they made slow headway. When the campaign was half over Falltown had not raised more than a third of its quota; and when there remained only a few days more, and the Committee redoubled its efforts, the goal was still distant and seemingly unattainable.

Desperately the committee appealed, and though there were some responses, when the last day of the campaign dawned Falltown was more than two hundred thousand dollars behind its quota. The Committee expected that perhaps a hundred thousand would be turned in from salesmen not yet heard from—and from those who were deliberately holding back subscriptions for a driving finish, but that there would still be a hundred thousand dollars to raise appeared certain.

Shortly after noon on the last day of the campaign Gary Miller and Morley Roberts entered Corwin's office. The men had come by appointment to discuss a certain phase of a financial transaction concerning Roberts and Miller—Corwin acting merely as attorney—but they had scarcely dropped into their chairs toward which Corwin waved them when they began to talk upon the subject in which Falltown at that moment was vitally interested—the Victory Loan.

Molly had asked to be excused for the afternoon. She had given no reason for the desired absence; she had not even spoken to Corwin after obtaining his permission—she had walked out, her shoulders squared, her head held high. Many times Corwin had looked at the vacant chair with disquieting interest.

They talked of the Victory Loan—both Roberts and Miller. Corwin said nothing, for of late he was strangely reluctant to talk about the bond issues. He was even beginning to feel guilty every time he thought of them.

He was quick to note that both Miller and Roberts had lost some of the vindictiveness that had formerly characterized their reference to the bond issues; they spoke in quieter tones; they were not so demonstrative; they weighed their words more. It seemed to Corwin as he watched and listened, that their faces expressed guilt such as was in his own heart.

Roberts' brows were wrinkled; his eyes held a subdued, almost anxious expression. He seemed to be nervous—he folded and unfolded his hands; he shuffled his feet on the floor; his face was red.

Miller, too, seemed to be in the clutch of a perturbation that would not be shaken off. Twice he cleared his throat as he looked at Corwin; and the second time he spoke.

"Looks like Falltown's going to fail again," he said.

Corwin looked sharply at him, for Miller's voice was hoarse and low—quite unlike his usual high-pitched, assertive tenor.

"Yes," said Roberts, shortly.

The three men exchanged glances. "Failure is getting to be a habit with Falltown," remarked Corwin. In a former day he would have said that exultantly. Now his voice was expressionless, flat. The other two did not even smile at his words.

Roberts, though, spoke heavily. "The Liberty Loans are not popular with the people."

Miller cleared his throat. "That's a mistake," he said. He seemed to look accusingly at the others. "Do you know who is responsible for the failure of Falltown to subscribe its quota?"

"In this loan?" asked Roberts.

"In every loan!" snapped Miller. It was the first flash of feeling he had exhibited. And it seemed to Corwin and Roberts that he looked accusingly at them.

"It's the fault of the people who can subscribe—and won't!" declared Miller. "I know. There are five hundred small subscriptions to one big one. Almost without exception the little fellows are coming forward with their subscriptions. The big fellows—most of them—are holding back. What's the answer? I've got it—or what I think is the answer."

"The little fellow works hard. He usually gets only one newspaper a day. He gets few books—he has no time to delve into the shelves of the library to read yards and yards of political economy by this and that writer, none of whom know enough about running the Government to stake out a pig-pen. He does not get time to affect 'isms' of one kind and another, nor to join clubs that profess to prepare a man for higher thought. He does not get into the critical mental attitude of the reader of ancient philosophy—he is not a carping, cynical, theorist. All he knows is enough to work for his family, to save what he can, to get what few luxuries he can, and to follow his Government blindly. He knows enough to be patriotic. And when the Government tells him there is to be a war and that so much money will be required to finance it, he goes right down in his sock and gets it!"

"Now," went on Miller; "the little fellow has made all the subscriptions he can carry. He is buying all he can buy of this loan. He has done his share, and he's through. We're still a hundred thousand dollars shy of the quota." He now looked straight at Corwin—and then from Corwin to Roberts. "Do either of you fellows know two men in this town who are able to subscribe to fifty thousand dollars' worth right off the reel—without it cramping them any financially?"

Corwin and Roberts exchanged glances, and both reddened.

"I see you do," grinned Miller, maliciously.

It was Corwin who answered. "You've changed your tune a little, since last week," he said. "It was only last week that I heard you say you thought the Government was going too far."

"Well, I'm waking up!" declared Miller; "I'm beginning to see that I've been too narrow-minded and tight. I got to thinking that I spend hundreds of dollars every year for things I could do without. I got to thinking that maybe I was too selfish about this thing. I make my money here, and the Government has made it possible for me to make it—by protecting me, by giving me opportunities to make it. I get my money out of the country—out of the land and its products; and I think I owe it to my country to come across when the Government needs the money. And last night I subscribed to fifty thousand dollars' worth."

Miller had raised his voice. There had been an exultant note in it—it sounded like the voice of a man who has triumphed over some base passion that has threatened him; he was mocking it, laughing at it.

None of the men had heard a step on the stairs—two, in fact—a heavy, uncertain clumping, and a lighter step. But the three turned simultaneously when they heard a hearty voice from the direction of the doorway. It said:

"I want to shake hands with the man who said that!"

When Corwin's gaze went to the door he got up quickly and stood, leaning a little forward, his body rigid, his eyes wide with astonishment, his face slowly whitening.

For on the threshold, his arms spread wide against the jambs to steady himself, a broad, genial smile on his face, was Ben King.

Corwin saw Molly standing behind her brother. Both her hands were on Ben's shoulders; her face was pale and in her eyes was mingled pride and pity. For Ben was blind, his forehead was scarred, and his sightless eyes were roving from point to point in the room as he endeavored to locate the owner of the voice which he had heard as he had been about to enter the room.

CHAPTER IX

CORWIN was in the grip of an emotion that sent icy thrills over him as he watched Ben King shake hands with Gary Miller. He heard Ben and Miller talking, but paid little attention to their words, for he was watching Molly. The girl stood behind Ben until Miller placed him gently in a

chair; and then she drew a high-backed chair near the young man, etc. to him, so that she reached out and put one of his hands softly lay in the arm of the chair—and also watched him, worshipfully, with a sad, pitying half-smile which meant that she was glad to have him back—even though he would never see her again. And Corwin saw the tears that she did not check slowly trickling down her cheeks.

Ben was in uniform. He was big, strong—a magnetic figure; a face that could never more have any other direction, but nevertheless a face.

Instinctively, Ben dominated the presence seemed to fill the room. The atmosphere grew formal. Unconsciously Roberts straightened; Corwin felt as if some power within him was urging him to salute. Something about his erect carriage, his square shoulders, the set of his head, the way he wore everything about him, commanded interest and attention. Ben brought a breath of far-off France to the room with him—a suggestion of force, of battle and of death. He was a visible unit embodying an atom of national spirit; he was a part of that great arm of government which expresses itself in force.

And unconsciously, involuntarily, the three men in the room with him paid tribute—the tribute of glances, of attention and respect.

Corwin peered intently at Ben, searching his face for signs of calculations that Ben harbored toward him against his Government for the loss of his sight. He watched for the slightest expression which might tell him that Ben regretted his experience. But he saw none. Ben's face, despite the fact that he had undergone a transformation since the night Corwin had seen him, was not the face of a man who had been in the man's face something stern and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, engaged and yearning to punish the delinquents of his country.

There was a different expression on his face now. His smile was complacent, ineffably content, though reminiscent of a soldier of which he had come untroubled by temper and impervious to pain. It was the face of a man who has looked death straight in the eye and has no fear of it. He was the face of a trained soldier who has been in the man's face something stern and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, engaged and yearning to punish the delinquents of his country.

"I don't know why," said Ben, "me here," said Ben. "I was just straight home—just to see how I look."

Corwin saw Molly cover her face with her free hand; he saw Ben and Miller stiffen; and he saw a constriction in his own throat. Muscles tightened oddly. He removed the hand from his face, and looked at Corwin, who looked at Ben, whose face was dead white.

"Well, I suppose I won't place any more," said Ben, "comprehend the significance of that had followed the silence. That's a figure of speech, now, but I shall be all right. There was a flavor of the sound."



"Some people don't seem to know what this war is all about."

"That's more than some people don't seem to know how to fight," Ben landed, and they told him. Ben had failed in all four of the Liberty Loan campaigns. He had made me feel. There was a flavor of the sound. I was on the point of doing it. I came from Falltown. I heard Mr. Miller say last night that I had to say that I had made fifty thousand dollars' worth of the Victory Loan. It seemed to me that Mr. Miller was here purposely—when I saw I would hear some good news."

Molly did not look at Corwin; but he thought he knew why she had brought her brother to the office. Roberts knew, also. His face was crimson with embarrassment.

Corwin looked at Molly and wondered if she would say that she had been recounting—that his patriotism was of a negligible quality—that he was not it by the standard of most of the men who were in the office. (Continued on last page.)



John Jay Knox



Mc. rey he earned and saved while a village youth he spent on an education. As a bank

clerk, later, he was studious and thrifty. At middle age a great financier, Knox lectured and wrote about banking topics and as Comptroller of the Currency he helped reorganize the government after the Civil war.

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THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY

eyes when she gazed at him; and the look made him wonder what Ben would say to him if he knew the truth that he was talking to slackers, thinking them patriots who had upheld his arms in the great fight for world freedom. Ben's eyes were lightless, and yet Corwin dreaded to have them turned upon him with the question: Why didn't you fight?

Of the three men, Miller was the more composed. Almost at the last minute he had saved himself from any possibility of accusation, and his face showed his satisfaction, too even glancing at the other two with malicious amusement.

"Some people," went on Ben, unaware of the tension in the room, "don't seem to know just what this war means. I didn't know, myself, until I landed in France. I used to like to fight; but I always did my fighting by myself—just because I liked to fight. It was different over there. It was a different kind of fight. It was a fight for a fellow who didn't have a bunch of other fellows all around him—all dressed alike and all fighting for the same object. There's something about it that gets under a man's skin and fills him with something he can't express."

"A man loses something—it's his individuality, I think. But he gains more than he loses. I've heard fellows call it discipline and training—and stuff like that. But I know it's something else. It's a long thing. It bothered me, and then I finally thought it out. It's country—nothing less; it's pride of race; it's in knowing that you are doing it for the folks at home; that they are back of you—watching you, cheering you on—doing all they can to help you lick the other fellow. It's knowing that your folks back home are putting their trust in you; that they are expecting you to bring home the bacon—that they know you are going to do it. A fellow just has to fight like blazes when he feels that."

"How did you know where you were wounded, Mr. Knox?" This was Miller's voice, low and solemn.

Ben flushed and his jaws tightened; and he laughed shortly.

"A fragment of shrapnel hit me a glancing blow square between the eyes, paralyzing the nerves. Put me clean out. I spent three months in 'blighty'."

"Where did it hit?" Miller spoke.

morning there was a great level stretch of country immediately in front of me. It was a place of ghastly silence, bleak and gray in the faint light that precedes the dawn. We had been ready for several hours, for we had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word.

"Ten minutes before the time set for the advance we were aroused by a whispered word, passed down the trench. The fellows, chilled by the cold night in dugout and trench, took it in various ways.

"I saw men half paralyzed with fear, trying to smile—to show their fellows that they were not afraid. I saw others with horrible pouts on their lips, cursing at trivial things—working themselves into a rage in an effort to keep up their courage. Many of the fellows did not speak a word—I think it was because they couldn't trust their voices. Some of the boys were jerky and touchy, with their nerves so keyed up that they jumped at the slightest sound; others appeared to be stolidly waiting. Those were men who did not permit their fright to become visible. I saw men who gripped their rifles until it seemed their fingers would press through the steel; I saw others holding their rifles loosely, as though they were some strange object with which they were not yet familiar.

And there were some fellows who breathed shrilly, with great gasps, as though they had just finished a long run. And in every man's eyes was a light that no man in this world can describe.

"I couldn't help but see those things, because I looked closely at every man near me. I had to. If there was any excess courage around there I wanted to feel it. For I needed it.

"If it hadn't been for a thought that struck me just before we got the word to go, I believe I couldn't have gone. There were many of us fellows, and of course those who took it most unconcernedly did a lot to help the fellow who might have wavered. But that did not seem to be enough. As individuals we doubtless would have gone over the top—driving ourselves to do it; and as an army we would go over without being driven. Pride would have made us do that—for none of the fellows would have wanted the others to think him a coward.

"That something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clummy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and—Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And your wound?" questioned Miller.

"Well, it's a little tough to realize that I will never be able to see again; but when I think that I lost my sight

seeing those boys, watching millions of my people, I don't worry about it much."

For five minutes after the departure of Ben and Molly, there was no word spoken in Corwin's office.

The three men heard Ben's halting step on the stairs grow fainter until finally they could hear it no more. And still they sat, each man avoiding the other's eyes—all of them feeling ineffably small and unimportant.

The loyal, watching millions! Ben's words were flaming before Corwin's eyes; they wrenched and leaped in his mental vision with hideous mockery.

Ben, facing death on the field of battle, had been able to think nobly of his country. Corwin, lounging in the lap of luxury in the quiet peace of Falltown, had not yielded to one generous and supporting thought for the khaki-clad boys who had fought for him! Ben, facing death, had felt the spirit of the country; Corwin, safe at home, had derided that spirit—had denied it. He had bagged and argued; had found fault with everything. His hands had not upheld Ben and his fellows; it had not been his face that Ben had seen among those that had been turned toward him on the eve of battle—for he had turned his back toward the boys.

Corwin felt that something was slipping away from him. He felt lonely and deserted—as though something he valued was vanishing from his sight, to be gone forever. He felt as Ben said he had felt just before he and his comrades had gone over the top—that he must have something to give him that feeling of companionship; he felt that he didn't want to be on the outside—he wanted to belong—he wanted to feel that there were millions of people behind him, too—and with him.

And he knew, now, that there was only one way to attain that feeling of companionship—to become a real citizen of the mighty nation that had brought the arrogant Hun to his knees; there was only one way to be thoroughly American—or to become thoroughly American. And that way was to help the nation toward its goal; to hear cheerfully and equally the burdens it placed upon one; to add to its strength all the resources at his command; to somehow get a share of its power and its glory.

Corwin was intensely eager now. He looked at his watch, got up and said shortly to Miller and Roberts:

"Gentlemen," he said, "we'll have to postpone this business until tomorrow—I've got something important to attend to."

Roberts got up also. "Me, too," he said; "we'll go together, Corwin."

"Where?" demanded Corwin.

Roberts laughed lowly. "To see Dillon," he said. "That fellow King has made me feel mighty cheap. I can tell you. I used to have pretty strong ideas about these Liberty Loans, but if a fellow could listen to King talk and refuse to subscribe to his—well, I think along he certainly wouldn't be worth fighting for. I want to be worth it. Come on! he says! 'Well, I'll have eleven hundred birds, but we've still got time to save our self respect!'"

A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

"Still a hundred thousand shy, gentlemen," Dillon announced in reply to Corwin's question.

"I'll take half of it," declared Corwin.

"And I'll take the other half," said Roberts.

"Isn't this rather sudden, gentlemen," grinned Dillon; "you still have six hours, you know."

Both Roberts and Corwin reddened, for the sarcasm of Dillon's remark was glaringly apparent.

But curiously, neither Roberts or Corwin felt any resentment. They looked at each other and smiled, for both had a feeling that they deserved Dillon's sarcasm.

"I surrender!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long before."

"I know you'd get in under the wire," smiled Dillon.

"How did you know?" asked Corwin.

"Shucks," laughed Dillon. "Quite a number of cases like yours have come under my observation. You didn't believe in the Liberty Loans; you had fault to find with nearly everything the government did. I've felt that way myself; a great many of my friends felt that way—and still feel that way, for that matter. But they subscribe, just the same—and I buy them. The average American likes to kick and raise Cain with the government—he'll wolf and howl about incompetency and graft and all that stuff. But in the end he'll help the government. He has to, because he's an American. It's in the blood. He can't help it." He laughed again, turned to the telephone and called a number. Corwin and Roberts listened.



"I surrender; I should have done this long ago."

there—insisting that man was supreme and that country was not to be considered. And once more—when Corwin reached the corner of Main and Meridian streets—he saw a vision.

This time it was Molly King.

She had taken Ben home, leaving him with her father. She was on her way to the office, and when she saw Corwin she held a copy of the Observer in one hand. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, seizing Corwin by an arm and gripping it tight; "that was wonderful! I am so glad!"

Corwin grinned. And then, as he walked toward the office with the girl, his face grew grave.

"Molly," he said as they paused at the foot of the stairs, "I was in danger of losing my country. And you gave it back to me."

"Well," she said, smiling happily "I didn't want you to lose it."

"You didn't tell Ben about—about me not subscribing?" he questioned.

"Not a word. Ben didn't know. Not even when I took him to the office."

"Molly," said Corwin gravely, "did you take Ben to the office purposely—just to influence me to—"

She blushed and looked downward, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "what else could I do. Today is the last day—and Ben came, and I—I thought—knowing you didn't—or wouldn't—understand. And so I took him."

Late that night Corwin and Molly were standing at the corner of Main and Meridian streets watching the footling crowd that packed the two streets from curb to curb.

Dillon had lost no time after the visit of Corwin and Roberts, and the issue of the Observer that carried the story of Falltown's greatest achievement, also informed the citizens of the town that this achievement would be celebrated fittingly.

And Falltown was celebrating. There had not been much time to arrange decorations, but enterprising merchants had draped the fronts of their stores with flags and bunting; down Main street in front of the City Hall there were festoons of colored lights—and a platform—portable upon which a band played.

But if there were not so very many decorations there was plenty of noise—with the blare of horns and the clang of bells and the clatter of hurriedly constructed contrivances of many patterns—and the sound of it filled Corwin with a tingling exultation that he had never felt before.

"I almost lost this," he whispered to the girl, during a momentary lull.

"What?"

"The crowd, the people—the spirit of it all. Molly," he added in a low voice, "isn't it great to have a country, after—after all?"

She looked mischievously at him.

"And to have conquered all mean, petty suspicions," she said.

He nodded, flushing.

"And to feel that now the country can pay its debts."

"Yes."

"And that we have finished the job."

"Yes."

He reached out and caught her hand. And just at that instant the hand in front of the City Hall began to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and the mighty crowd, thrilling with the most reverent of emotions, became silent as heels clicked together and heads were bowed.

"Oh!" said the girl; "it is the greatest country in the world."

"And it's mine!" whispered Corwin, so that the girl could not hear him; "and I shall never risk losing it again!"

The End.

EXECUTORS NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of John M. Beatty, Sr., deceased, are requested to prove same as required under the Statute and file same with J. R. Jones, Master Commissioner, at once.

Arch Beatty, Executor. 24-26

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Home Town Helps

HOME NOT MERELY SHELTER

Problem by No Means Met When Dwellings Are Provided for the Population of a City.

And what is a home? It is not a mere place of shelter, in modern democracy; it must provide conditions that will promote efficiency in labor and strength of character in citizenship.

The home connotes the family, and the family, and not the individual, is the unit of the civic structure. A true housing policy must go further than improving or providing dwellings; it must be part of a comprehensive policy of town and country development. We must apply more thought to the theories and practical tendencies of urban and rural growth, and fit in our housing policies as part of a comprehensive scheme of urban and rural organization. In its broader and more general social aspect it is a problem of national proportions and importance, in regard to which past failure is written large in every community, and success can only be achieved, first, by humble admission of our defects, and second, by building upon nationwide organization capable of dealing with it on business and scientific principles.—Thomas Adams, advisor of the Canadian commission on conservation in Landscape Architecture.

"You Drunken Sot!"

Margaret's mother, fondly believing that Mother Goose was a classic all children should know, bought a copy one day without a very careful examination of its contents.

The youngster enjoyed the rhymes and she was often heard repeating her favorites. What was her mother's dismay, however, when one day she tripped into the parlor where there was a caller and sang out to him: "Get out, you drunken sot!"—Indianapolis News.

Ancient Botanical Work.

The oldest botanical work in the world is sculptured on the walls of a room in the great temple of Karnak at Thebes, in Egypt. It represents foreign plants brought home by an Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes III., on his return from a campaign in Arabia. The sculptures show not only the plant or tree, but the leaves, fruit and seed-pods separately, after the fashion of modern botanical treatises.

POULTRY NOTES

The pullets and the year-old hens are the best egg producers.

Market all cockerels not wanted as breeders at as early a date as possible.

A "chicken" is a young fowl, usually under six months of age. It becomes a "fowl" after that period.

One pound of feathers can be secured from five ordinary fowls, or from ten ducks, or from four geese.

Whole corn is the proper food for sitting hens. They should have green food, grit, and pure drinking water.

Eggs for hatching should be carefully selected, well-formed, with good shells, and kept in a temperature of 50 degrees to 60 degrees F.

The chick worth having is the chick that releases itself from the shell with vigor, life and vitality; that comes jumping, as it were, into life.

A time-saving plan is to set hens in pairs, and giving the chicks hatched from both to one hen, allowing the other hen to go back to laying.

In salting the mash dissolve sufficient salt in the water with which the mash is to be moistened. In this way the salt will be more evenly distributed. An ounce of salt is about right for 100 fowls.

Curious Fact Comes to Light That Lactates Least Using Books Avoid Paint Also.

Washington, D. C.—A curious fact has been brought to light by the Educational Bureau and the Bureau of Industrial Research here. It is that in the states where literacy is most prevalent paint is least used. The paint referred to is the common or farm variety, of course, for the backwoods countries have no need for the finer pigments or special adornments. It is true, though, that in the sections of all states where white literacy is highest painted houses are rare and painted outbuildings and barns are practically unknown. Probably the illiterates do not use paint on their buildings because they do not understand its value as a preservative.

Ornamental Brick Wall Marking the End of a Blind Street in Cincinnati. It Was Built at Small Cost by the City's Engineering Department With Samples of Brick and Cement Submitted for Test Purposes.

was erected to mark the end of the thoroughfare. The wall was built by the city engineering department at a cost of only \$210. Had all the materials and labor been paid for at regular rates it would have cost about \$1,200. The saving was made possible by using samples of brick and cement which had been submitted to the department for tests, including the use of a "rattler" for the bricks. The fact that the rattler ticked off the corners of the brick did not detract from their usefulness. The wall was built largely by department employees when other work was slack. It served as a barrier between the end of the street and a ditch skirting a railroad right of way. At either end there were footbridges crossing this ditch.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Individuality in Gardens.

A garden may be just as individual as a house; indeed, the two should, if possible, be planned in relation to